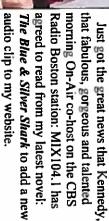




MARC TEATU



SPRING IS FINALLY HERE. CAN MORE WRITING AND RIDING BE FAR BEHIND? Motorcycle Fiction and Other Writings



groups, in books and on TV, that disproportionately highlight only

There are just too many stories these days about outlaw motorcycle

By S. Anders

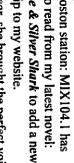
mensional the characters are as life transitions through a whirlwind

feelings and lives of the characters. I especially liked how multidihard core Biker story, but it also goes deep down into the thoughts, with "The Blue and Silver Shark" Yes, it does have the vigor of a two things: violence and sex. I am happy to say that is not the case

of events. I highly recommend this wonderfully entertaining, thought

provoking, thrilling Biker Book.

Have you purchased your copy yet?: "The Blue and Silver



words about a strong, yet vulnerable motorcycle riding woman delivering fantastic audio of a seg-Last year, she brought the perfect voice to my

have to decide which section she should read. Any suggestions? marcteatum.com project/hopefully-one-day). In the meantime, I Books and Manuscripts section and take a listen. (http:// am thrilled! If you haven't heard her doing this, head over to: the ment from one of my manuscripts in progress: Hopefully One Day.

> Barnes and Noble and as an eBook on every eBook platform known City Press, is available wherever books are sold, via Amazon and Shark", Book 5 in A Biker Story Series, published by Blockhead

to man.

Lastly, as Spring is upon us,

MOTORCYCLES ARE
EVERYWHERE!!!!

more and more common on motorcycles are becoming remember to be aware that

getting some great reviews on The Blue And Silver Shark is

By Dennis Mooney

percenter style! the Boston Marathon. Old fashit ties in with the actual events of ioned street justice dished out I Excellent story! I enjoyed how

By A. Barringer

the next one. I really like how the series and I'm looking forward to

detracting from the main characters of the current book and their characters from the other books are brought in seamlessly without

OVER BLUE OW SOLD SHILL SILVER SHARK THE BLUE AND

my books, manuscripts, writings and my blog. And remember-

"Nothing Reads Like Real Life"

www.marcteatum.com

Marc Teatum Salem, MA

THE MOON UPSTAIRS AMEN'S

head over to my website to read samples and hear audio clips from to share this with all your reading and riding friends, invite them to

am forever grateful to my readers and supporters. Please feel free

I've enjoyed all the books in this read this in less than a week.

story lines. Great read.

OTORCYCLE -

LOOK FOR US

92



SOUTH, EXIT 13B

A Biker's Story: book 5

by Edward Winterhalder & Marc Teatum

The Moon Upstairs

MARC TRATUM

The Blue and Silver Shark

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Motorcyclist's Post

Weather or Not

Excerpts of Marc Teatum's writings and a new related story.

staggered formation. But it was the trucks that screwed us up. They guy, Jonesy wasn't going to the hospital. "I'll heal just fine" say tried to stand. The paramedics confirmed that his right ankle wa tomorrow. While no one would ever admit, but it was just a matte far enough behind from the Brother in front of you and switch to a n'i broken, but had a hairline fracture. Of course being the toug pushed in, he was missing his left rearview mirror and the clutch side of the road. A guy in a pickup truck pulled off to help too. And off our machines and ran to help pull Jonesy and his sled off to the front knew, but they pulled us all over to the side and we jumped a bit surprised to see Jonesy pulling ahead of him, not because he of time before something went wrong. And sure as god made little don't slow down for anything. They hydroplane like there is no we know how to do it while riding in a pack; spacing is key, staying all ridden in rain before. No one likes it, but we've all done it. And coming down. It's not that it was coming down hard, I mean we want to be a weatherman. he. In the meantime, we're all getting soaked. When I grow up, scuffed up and he had a fat lip. We thought that was all; until he saved the bike from going head over heels and sustaining more damage. The same can be said of Jonesy. His leather jacket was fender was history. We all decided that the hydroplaning is what within 15 mins, there was an ambulance, a fire truck and MA State down too. Don't ask me how Moose and Little Jimmie riding up Ionesy's ride tapped the back of Irishman's bike, he nearly went back as his scooter was sliding too! When the front wheel of was passing him, but because he was doing it lying down on his tion and the bike just slid out from underneath him. Larry was just the spray was just too much for him and his rear wheel lost tracgreen apples it happened. Jonesy was last in line and I guess that "And everything would have been fine...if the rain didn't start lever was bent up. His gear lever was destroyed and his front Trooper to keep us company. The side of Jonesy's tanks was

Unpublished manuscript © 2009 Marc Teatum Pages 34-38 "Ride To The Wall"

It snowed today.

ONE LIGHT

COMING

They said it would.

But I stopped believing 'them' a lifetime ago.

I learned to trust only in myself.

Maybe I should check myself every once in a while.

ers out on the pavement, I couldn't take it anymore. storm coming, but after yesterday and seeing two or three other ric direction, temps to the west, water temp to the east, tracked the When I woke this morning, I looked at weather.com; checked wind Ride Hard Ride Safe

Ride Often

60 days. It was killing me. a bit chilly, but what the hell, I hadn't been on two wheels in nearly bled a bit, (maybe I should have put stabilizer in) before it settled into that familiar throaty sound all Bikers recognize. And yes it was I went to the garage, and holy smokes, The Beast started. It rum-

a happy camper. Around 2:30, I looked up and saw it starting to come down. Little puffy white flakes. Floating, lightly falling; it's riding. But they sure as hell saw the stupid grin I wore all day. I was No one at work would believe me, so I never said a word about

the temps, but dew points were rising. Not a good sign. come. The winds had picked up, the barometer was falling as was

not like there was a blanket of white out there. Weather com here I

hell back to the town where I lived. I didn't panic and run for the door thinking that I would beat it th

dow, but not sweating it either. It was what it was. on. Not really ignoring the precipitation from my fourth floor winand there anyway, so what's the point? So I worked on and on and Mobile would be clogging the roads in the three towns between he Looking at the time, I knew that every school bus and Mommy-

Since when has anyone referred to the Atlantic and the words warming effect of the Atlantic Ocean. (Did I really just say that? Thank god for asphalt holding heat and being within 2 miles of the I opted to wait. The snow wasn't sticking to the pavement yet.

might be, was done, before I shut down and headed to the machine 'warming' in the same sentence?) I waited until 6:30 or so to let whatever commuter traffic there

in the dark and the rain before and it sucks. I've ridden in the dark before and it's certainly doable. I've ridde I've ridden in the rain before and it's not fun, but it's doable.

just get wet. I can handle wet. In fact, there are times when I love too damp. Riding while snow is falling is not like riding when rair thrown at your face. It stings. Snow melts when it hits you and you falling. Rain pelts you and it's sort of like having sewing needles But tonight.....tonight was magical. The air wasn't too cold, no

pool of illumination that is created makes this little world all your ing. The single beam of light that is thrown in front of a bike and t actly what it's like to ride on a country road at night when it's sno hyperspace and all those stars turn into little streaks of light is exmovie. When Han Solo says they are going to make the jump to Riding in the dark when it's snowing is like living in a Star War

of large houses, the warm glow of inside lights illuminating the sn own. It's amazing. And for the next 25 miles, I was Han Solo. covered in a thin blanket of white, the trees and rock walls looked that sat ever gently on the lawns nearby. The larger farm fields we As my eyes adjusted to the semi dark around me, I caught glimp

see beyond the streaks that their wipers made across their windcrosswalks at intersections to right hand turns and the back wheel lot more slick as were the brick crosswalks in downtown. Add bri shields. The metal wire surface of the bridge leading into town wa felt like it really did want to catch up to my handlebars. like someone had come by with powdered sugar and sprinkled the Then I hit my town. I had to deal with cagers who couldn't reall

each other for come on twenty years now, she couldn't resist: "Ar house came out on the back steps and even though we've known When I pulled the machine into the garage, the lady who owns t

Maybe.

But today I'm also happy.

Motorcycle Fiction and Other Stories Marc Teatum

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April 2016

Motorcyclist's Post